



A journey to death

Is it a journey to survival or death?

The soldiers are holding their breath,
Death and diseases, heartbreak and hell,
The time has come to ring the bell

The bell has rung, it's time to fight,
Do it quick before it's light,
Come on it's your darkest hour
To make your blood as bright as the flower.

All these innocent men on the ground,
World War one has come around,
While all of their loved ones shed a tear
They fought for freedom so we don't live in fear.

They cross the bridge to doom
While the other ones live in gloom,
People shout, people cry,
When older people die

LEST WE FORGET.

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